Of all his glory,when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value,and his daughter
With him ; a fire from heauen came and ſhriueld
Vp thoſe bodies euen to loathing,for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes ador'd them,ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould giue them buriall.

Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.

Hell. And yet but iuſtice ; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heauens ſhaft.
By ſinne had his reward.

Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See,not a man in priuate conference,
Or counſell,hath reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord *Hellicane*,a word.

Hell. With me ? and welcome,happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes,for what ?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then,noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue,let vs ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
If in the world he liue,wee'l ſeeke him out :
If in his graue he reſt,wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolu'd,he liues to gouerne vs :
Or dead,giue's cauſe to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed,the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine : your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus ſubmit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellic*

Hell. Try honours cauſe ;
If that you loue Prince *Peri*
(Take I your wiſh,I leape i
Where's howrely trouble,f
A twelue-month ſonger,let
To forbeare the abſence of
If in which time expirde,he
I ſhall with aged patience b
But if I cannot win you to t
Goe ſearch like Nobles,like
And in your ſearch,ſpend yo
Whom if you finde,and win
You ſhall like Diamonds fit

2. *Lord.* To wiſedome,hee
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enic
We with our trauels will en

Hell. Then you loue vs,we
When Peeres thus knit,a Ki

Enter the King readi
and the Kn

1. *Knight.* Good morrow

King. Knights,from my da
That for this twelue-month,
A married life : her reaſon to
Which from her by no mean

2. *Knight.* May we not ge

King. Faith by no meanes,
Tyed her to her Chamber,th
One twelue Moones more ſh
This by the eye of *Cinthia* ha
And on her Virgin honour w

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farw

King. So,they are well diſp
Now to my daughters Letter
Shee'l wed the ſtranger Knig

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH